

THE  
LADY'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
*Musical Repository.*

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*THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.*

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ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels, till the lamp of night arose and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on the bank of a winding river. A weeping-willow spread over me its branches, which drooping, swept the stream; an antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen.

I had been reading a melancholy tale, which in strong colors impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel in perusing the most tragical story. "What" said I, "can occasion it? can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it heaven!" my eyes were fixed on the surface of the water: the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves; all nature seem'd hushed to repose; when a gentle slumber stole over my senses, and methought a being, of an angelic form, seated herself beside me. A mantle, of the palest sapphire, hung over her shoulders to the ground: auburn hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck; and a white veil, almost transparent, shaded her face: as she lifted it up, she sighed and continued for some moments silent. Never did I behold a countenance so delicate; and notwithstanding a smile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were sur-

charged with tears, and resembled violets dropping with dew. Beneath her veil she wore a wreath of Jasmine and mingled Amaranths.

"Wonder not" said she in accents soft as the breath of Zephyr, "that a state of woe can please. I am called SENSIBILITY, and have been from infancy your constant companion. My sire was HUMANITY, and my mother SYMPATHY. I (the offspring of their loves) was born in a cavern, overshadowed by myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music. On one side of the cavern run a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their nests.

"I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favored mortals, who nevertheless, repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of apathy."

Alas! how inconsiderate! if the rose has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dew drops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled them, will it not be refreshed and breathe richer fragrance? so if a heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience delightful sensations. If the tears often flow, say, can you call it weakness? can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of tenderness, and desire the departure of Sensibility?" Ah! no, fair Nymph! still deign to be my attendant: teach me to sigh with the wretched, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible that the pleasure which arises from the legends of sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings: but that we have some generous joys, and generous cares, beyond ourselves!"

Scarcely had I pronounced these words when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.



*WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG.*

**I**T was evening, when Wolkmar and his dog, almost spent with fatigue, descended one of the Mountains in Switzerland: the sun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a teint of rich crimson over the water of a neighbouring lake; on each side rocks, of varied forms, their green heads glowing in the beam, were swarded with shrubs that hung feathering from their summits, and at intervals was heard the rushing of a troubled stream.

Amid this scenery, our traveller far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, sought for some excavation in the rock wherein he might repose himself; and having at length, discovered such a situation, fell fast asleep upon some withered leaves. His dog sat watching at his feet; a small bundle of linen and a staff were placed by him, and the red rays of the declining sun having pierced through the shrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved master. And long be thy rest, Oh Wolkmar!

Unhappy man!—War hath estranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war, snatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant! where art thou, best of wives? Thy Wolkmar lives! 'Twas error spread the tidings of his death. Thou fledd'st: thy beauty caught the eye of power; thou fledd'st with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman!—thy husband seeketh thee over the wilds of Switzerland! Long be thy rest, Oh Wolkmar! may sleep sit pleasant on thy soul!

Yet not long did Wolkmar rest: starting he beheld the dog, who seizing his coat had shook it with violence, and having thoroughly awakened him, whining licked his face, and sprang through the thicket. Wolkmar eagerly following, discerned at some distance a man gently walking down the declivity of the opposite hill, and his own dog running with full speed towards him.

The sun, yet threw athwart the vale, rays of a blood-red hue, the sky was overcast, and a few big round drops rustled through the leaves. Wolkmar sat him down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then, bounding, ran before him. The curiosity of Wolkmar was roused; he rose to meet the stranger, who as he drew nearer, appeared old, very old; scarcely supported with a staff: a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair, white as snow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received from beneath a dark cloud, the last deep crimson of the setting sun.

The dog, now ran wagging his tail, first to his master, and then to the stranger, leaping upon each, with marks of the utmost rapture, till, too rudely expressing his joy, the old man, tottering, fell at the foot of a blasted beech, that stood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar hastened to his relief, and had just reached the spot, when starting back, he exclaimed—"My father, oh! My father!"

Gothre, for so the old man was called, saw and knew his son: a smile of ecstasy lighted up his features, a hectic flushed his cheeks, his eyes beamed transport through the waters that suffused them, and stretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered—"My beloved son!" nature could do no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled fast away; the dewy lustre of his eyes grew dim; the throbbing of his heart oppressed him; and straining Wolkmar with convulsive energy, the last long breath of aged Gothre fled across the cheek of his son.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon struggled to appear, and by fits her pale light streamed across the lake; a silence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a shriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced, upon the dead body of his father; the dog stood motionless by his side; but at last, alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his master by the coat; till having in vain endeavored to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley: the demon of the night, trembled on his hill of storms; and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at last awoke; a cold sweat trickled over his forehead, every muscle shook with horror, and kneeling by the body of Gothre he wept aloud.



"Where is my Fanny," he exclaimed; "Where shall I find her?—Oh! That thou hadst told me she yet lived, good old man! If alive, my God, she must be near.—The night is dark; these mountains are unknown to me."

As he spoke, the illumined edge of a cloud shone on the face of Gothre; a smile yet dwelt on his features.—"Smilest thou upon my father!" said Wolkmar, "I feel it at my heart—all shall yet be well!"

The night grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himself on the ground.

He had not continued many minutes in this situation, before the distant sound of voices struck his ear. They seemed to issue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the spot where Gothre lay. The name of Gothre, was loudly repeated; and—"Gothre! Gothre!" mournfully run from rock to rock. Wolkmar, starting from the ground, sighed with anxiety and apprehension, leaning forward, he listened with fearful attention, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog, who, at first alarmed, had crept to his master's feet, began now to bark with vehemence. Suddenly the voices ceased, and Wolkmar thought he heard the soft and quick tread of people fast approaching. At this moment, the moon burst from behind a dark cloud, and shone full on the dead body of Gothre.

A shrill shriek pierced the air, and a young woman rushing forward, fell on the dead body of Gothre.—"Oh! My Billy," she exclaimed to a little boy, who ran up to her out of breath, "see your beloved Gothre!—he is gone for ever!—gone to heaven, and left us!—Oh! My poor child!" clasping the boy, who cried most bitterly, "what shall we do without him—what will become of us?—we will die also my Billy! Gothre is gone to your own dear father; and they are both happy yonder my Billy!" pointing to the moon.

Wolkmar in the mean time stood enveloped with shade, his arms stretched and motionless, and fixed in silent astonishment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he

faintly, and with difficulty uttered, "My Fanny!—My Child!"

His accents reached her ears: she sprang wildly from the ground.—"It is my Wolkmar's spirit!" she exclaimed. The sky instantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burst upon her sight, they rushed together, she fainted.—"God of mercies!" cried Wolkmar, "if thou wilt not drive me mad, restore her to life—She breathes, I thank thee, oh my God---She breathes!--The wife of Wolkmar lives!" Fanny, recovering, felt the warm embrace of her husband.

"Dear, dear Wolkmar!" she faintly whispered---"thy Fanny---I cannot speak:---My Wolkmar, I am too happy! see our Billy!"

The boy had crept close to his father, and was clasping him round the knees, the tide of affection rushed impetuously through the bosom of Wolkmar:---"It presses on my heart," said he: "I cannot bear it!"

The domestics whom Fanny had brought with her crowded round---"Let us kneel," said Wolkmar, "round the body of aged Gothre." They knelt around, the moon shone sweetly on the earth; and the spirit of Gothre passed by; he saw his children and was happy!

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### *The good Effects of Bad Novels.*

I AM one of those persons peculiarly adapted for *things as they are* who discover in every evil the seeds of immediate or remote advantage.

I believe that every evil is perpetually employed in destroying itself, while every good is unceasingly strengthening and expanding; and that, to this purpose, even evil is subservient, consequently I believe that

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

But to enjoy this optimism thoroughly, it is necessary that the mind should possess very diffusive philanthropy: how otherwise; shall we contemplate with calmness the ruin of multitudes merely because their misfortunes will produce the happiness of posterity! Yet thus it is with novels, I mean *bad* novels:---they are universally read; and universally mischievous; but they are daily bringing themselves into contempt and daily producing advantages very different from their apparent tendency: meantime, thousands are hourly corrupted by them, in their tastes, in their morals, and in their hearts.

How fortunate, then, is it for me, that I can look upon the best side of this picture! You shall read in what manner I console myself.

If we look at the female part of mankind, and speak of it as one individual, we shall perceive that it is just emerging from infancy. If however, we separate the particles of this composition, we shall find that the appearance of refinement which had induced us to suppose this emerging, is not produced by an equal improvement in the whole; but rather, that many enlightened, and some splendid individuals among them, serve to illumine the features of the rest; while the greater part are, in themselves, buried in the profoundest night.

Now I contend that if this period of female mental infancy be compared with that of the male, ladies will suffer nothing in the comparison: so that we may reasonably hope, and, indeed, particular examples assure us, that their maturity may hereafter vie with our own. Have we forgotten that, when *we* first began to cultivate our understandings, *We* had our monkish legends, our crusades, and our hobgoblins; our witchings and our conundrums? Have we forgotten these things, that we look so haughtily upon the fair who now admire them?

Let us observe the utility of these compositions, which the greater part of our novels imitate so well.

They induce persons to read who but for these would never read at all.

It is the *Spectator*, I think, who remarks, that in order to allure persons to a habit of reading, it is only necessary that they should read a little, frequently, and that if they do this, he cares not whether the subject be "Tom Thumb" or "Thomas Aquinas"---gross nonsense, or profound argument. Not that considerable preference is wanting; but he is persuaded that those who read the first attentively, will in time, wish to study the second.

The truth is---our understanding is progressively fitted for the growth of knowledge; precisely as a rock becomes capable of vegetable treasure.

It may seem a very odd comparison, when I compare the literature for which our *Circulating Libraries* are most famous to the family of plants called mosses: I go on, nevertheless, to shew their affinity.

Nature has provided this class of vegetables for the most useful purposes. We suppose a bare and rugged rock: hither the birds, the winds, or even the waters, convey the smallest and most imperceptible species of moss. These form resting places for the accumulation of earth; and even themselves dying away, increase the stock.

Meantime the seeds of larger kinds, successively take root, and afford food and lodgement to the smaller insects, who die, and with the mosses add to the embankment. There is now earth sufficient for the *stone-crop*, the house-leek, and other large species of moss; and as these decay, the *wall-flower* and the pellitory find nourishment, and deck the spot, with sweetness and with beauty.

So in the mind, idle tales first cling to its barren surface: they make, however, a little soil in which better things may grow. That soil, or judgment becomes deeper. More weighty and extensive matters may now strike into it, and seel---where first was barrenness, then glittering moss, without solidity;---now the fair flowers of fancy blow, and their fragrance is enjoyed! The judgment has gained quantity and fertility; and now the charms of poetic taste have place. Thus then to those *lichen-like novels*, we owe the foundation of real improvement.



The Progress of Science does not end here, on the rock we have supposed the flowers decay, and the earth increases, odoriferous and flowering shrubs take root, and by chance, some cocoa comes floating to the place or some winged pine seed is blown thither. Then lofty and storm-defying trees adorn the formerly grey stone: birds and beasts, enjoy their existence beneath its shades, and are supported with its fruits.

Carry on the thought through countless ages---and you shall see this rock supporting pastures, and forests, rivers and cities:---thus, where the flowers of fancy flourish, elegance and vigor of understanding, shall soon be seen: and some glorious golden opportunity presents objects to the mind as usefull as the Cocoa, as magnificent as the Cedar; creation enjoys the improvement, and mankind revels in the comforts and luxuries of its produce.

Yet nothing had grown there, had it not been first clothed with moss. Mark how anxious nature is for the perfection of the natural and the moral world: every unsightly object is covered with moss, and with ivy; and our girls flock to the circulating libraries.

ALL HAIL, then, those fortunate authors, to whose labors we are indebted for such signal blessings!

Some there are, to whom the sage listens with holy admiration; to whom the philosopher resorts for information, and the man of taste for reiterated pleasure: but what praise is due to such, when compared with those who can stop the giddy in their way, and teach those to feel the charms of letters who never felt them before: can make the idle assiduous, and the listless thoughtful!

Let me see a girl take up an absurd novel; if she is pleased with it I will pronounce that it is fitted for her capacity: in ninety-nine instances these predelictions will produce the misery of the admirer; but in the hundredth, a strong understanding will learn, from the very lesson, to despise the instructor.

A good taste, will spring from the detestation of bad; and thus, spreading itself to myriads of mankind in luxuriant branches from the well-nourished root, will have ample vengeance for the ninety-nine which have been destroyed.

We will enquire, too, whether of those that perished, none ultimately contributed to the general weal of the world? I can suppose that she who owes her misery to these books, will be very solicitous in the thoughtfulness of misfortune, to teach her child behaviour directly opposite to that which they encourage. I can suppose, that she who has passed

“From loveless youth to unrespected age”

Will be careful to warn her children that they do not throw away their lives upon that which produces no benefit: or to take ordinary cases, I can suppose, that the girl who now becomes acquainted with the contents of bad novels, will use no small degree of precaution to prevent her children from perusing them. You see how I console myself.

Bad novels, then, are most excellent things: and the worse they are written, so much the better for society: they will gain the greater number of those that have hitherto, never read—for such cannot understand any part of a book that is tolerably put together: and what is best of all, they will at the same time have the fewest admirers; because the more glaring the absurdity is, the greater will be the number of those who discover it. Moreover, I do really, and not jocularly, wish to see very stupid stories written (and thanks to Circulating Libraries, I shall not wish in vain) because they attract readers. These having tasted Books, commonly seek for others; and it is hard indeed, if some of the latter are not moderately good; and the reader is by this time prepared to comprehend them. Now something like argument or inference will be sometimes drawn from the action related; and the reader having been thus cheated into half a page of logic, finds it has nothing in it quite so dreadful as was apprehended. Thus the very novel-reader is seduced into a philosopher: and all those good things, happily follow, with a perspective of which I indulged myself in a former part of my letter.

My hypothesis, as will be perceived, is founded upon an opinion, that many have learned to despise novels by reading them; and have acquired sense, by studying nonsense. These notwithstanding, are by no means the most favorable methods of attaining understanding. Some would teach us to *hate* vice by exhibiting its features. For my own part, I would rather inculcate the love of Virtue by displaying goodness. I think precisely the same of taste. I cannot allow the study of what is good can be really benefitted by the contrast of what is bad; yet I readily acknowledge, that these two modes of Instruction are adapted for different persons; and that mine is, perhaps more useful to preserve the refinement of such as already possess it, than to impart it to those who are unacquainted with its nature.

Go on therefore, you who write vile novels! croud absurdity upon absurdity; patch deformity with deformity; caricature the works of providence: mar the outlines of its wisdom, till its form is rendered doubtful, and its beauty denied, twist the paths of Virtue till their end and object are lost: strew those of vice so thick with flowers, that their characteristics may become equivocal, and their waymarks uncertain. Go on:—do these things and my earnest wish attend you!—And you, fair Ladies, read on: gather together all the novels you can find: read them till—till you have acquired sense enough to see their worthlessness.

E. A.

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### *Manners of the Parisian Ladies.*

(FROM A FRENCH JOURNAL.)

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**N**EVER were women of ton more lightly clothed, and never was white so fashionable: soap is become no less indispensable than bread. Our fair females are covered with transparent shawls, which float and flutter over their shoulders and upon their bosoms which are seen through them. With gauze veils, which conceal half of the face to pique

our curiosity; and with robes so light, so loose, so thin, that the wearer seems to be almost naked. In this Sylph's dress they run from place to place all the morning, noon, and night; one sees nothing but white shades flitting through every street. They pass before us like the fine figures of a picture; they appear to be without hands, but they speak with their eyes.---Needlework is unknown to them; and they think themselves born for enjoyments, renewed without ceasing, and never interrupted. Among no people, in no time, in no city, have women enjoyed such an independence or devoted themselves to such indolence.

Is it the Revolution that has been the signal of this excessive liberty? Twenty years ago young women would not have stirred a step from home without their mothers; they walked as it were under their wings; their eyes modestly thrown upon the ground. The man whom they dared to look at was the one whom they were permitted to hope, or chuse for a husband.

Now they run about, morning and evening in full liberty---to dress, to walk, play, laugh, draw cards, dispute about their adorers: such are their occupations: no scissars, no thimbles, they know no wound, but that inflicted by the arrow of cupid!---who can calculate the effects of this new system of love---of this new career---open to passion so ever active of itself? the most improper books, too, get into their hands; the poisonous foam of philosophy comes from their lips; and licentiousness is mistaken for love.

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## THE INTRODUCTION.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"I ANNOUNCE to you Ladies one of the finest women in Paris" says Linval to the brilliant company assembled in his magnificent Saloon---"the elegant, the amiable Emercia. Lo! she is descending from her carriage---I run to present her my hand."



" Ah! we shall be enchanted with a glimpse of her," unanimously exclaimed the ladies. " I am rejoiced," says one, " at this opportunity to ascertain whether her beauty justifies its reputation." " I have a box at the opera to night" says another, " but I gladly resign the spectacle for the pleasure of admiring such celebrated attraction."

The doors open, and the amiable Emercia enters, attended by Linval. A movement of admiration is excited through the whole assembly. The men press eagerly around her; the ladies converse in a low tone: a more than ordinary glow of Vermillion suffuses her cheeks; symptoms of chagrin and simpering smiles, mark the countenances of the female part of the company. Emercia receives the homage of the admiring cavaliers with an air of modesty, and answers in the most flattering manner to the compliments of the ladies. The conversation begins---it rambles, or rather it flies over a thousand different subjects,

Questions are artfully put to elicit particularly, the sentiments of the amiable Emercia. They are so many wilds spread to catch her,\* and she evades them with admirable sagacity. It is already half an hour, and the eyes of the company have not been withdrawn for an instant from the charming woman.

Her visit over, she takes leave, carrying with her as many hearts as there are men of sensibility in the room.

Linval anxious to learn the impression made by her presence on the ladies, eagerly enquires the opinion of each.

All agree that she is a fine woman---" But---but---but," says the *petite Toni*, " she is on too large a scale for a woman:---she would be more graceful, if not so tall by three inches. These gigantic wastes never have a fine shape."

" *But* she is a little pale," says the corpulent Madam Soufflee: with more *em bon point* she would have a brighter bloom. We never see a fine skin on a skeleton."

" *But* her chest is somewhat flat," says Madame Charnu: " a fine neck is a great set off to beauty," " *But* her fore-

head is too low," said the Dowager Chauvetempe : " the forehead is the mirror of the mind, and when high, indicates a great soul.

" *But* her eyes are too large," says little blinking Emiras, " an excess there is a great defect, as in general such eyes have not much expression."

" *But* her nose is rather long," says Mademoiselle Cami, " the nose *à la Roxalana*, has a more animated effect.

Thus from *buts* to *buts*, he finds that this beauty whom all Paris admires, has not a single feature without a defect.

And, pray Sir, who is this charming Emercia ?---why, every lovely woman of the day, on her first introduction to the *beau monde*.



## AN EQUIVOCAL EPISTLE.

MADAM,

The great love and tenderness I have hitherto express'd for you is false and I feel that indifference towards you--- increase every day, and the more I see of you, the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and an object of contempt. I find myself in every sense disposed and determined, to hate you. Believe me I never had the least inclination to offer you my heart. Our last conversation, I assure you has left a tedious and wretched insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character : your inconstant temper would make me unhappy, and if we are ever united I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, added to an everlasting displeasure in living with you, I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it is at your service, it is impossible I could give it to one more inconstant and capricious than yourself, and less--- capable to do honour to my choice and to my family--- yes Madam I beg and desire you will be persuaded, that I think sincerely and you will do me the greatest favor to avoid me I shall readily excuse your taking the trouble to give me an answer to this ; your letters are always full of nonsense and impertinence, and you have not the shadow of wit, or good sense. Adieu ! believe that I am so averse to you that it is impossible I should ever be

Madam,

Your affectionate Humble Servant, &amp;c

*On the Duties which we owe to Society.*

**SOCIETY** has been compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a warm and animating heat.

That our happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social duties, and upon the nurture of susceptible emotions, none but the misanthropist will deny; for so gratifying is the enjoyment of participated pleasures, and so unsatisfactory those in which no one claims a share, that from motives of policy we might cherish affection, and from selfish considerations try to gain esteem.

Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society and you at once destroy the source of his delight, blast the buds of promised happiness, and leave a dreary vacuum round his heart.

The benevolent Author of our being so constituted and ordained our nature, that we should derive felicity from communicating happiness, and experience delight from imparting joy, and shall we ungraciously counteract his benevolent designs; and instead of contributing to the happiness of our neighbour, selfishly attend to our own gratifications?

No real felicity can exist independent of susceptibility and affection, and the heart of him who is cold to the soothing voice of friendship, dead to the melting strains of love, and senseless to the plaintive pleadings of distress, is a mansion only calculated for demoniac spirits, or a cheerless dwelling for disgust and spleen.

The advantages derived from unanimity and friendship, are so many and apparent, that it seems almost impossible to believe they are not universally cultivated; and every day's experience must convince an observing mind, that



every amiable impression springs from the nurture of philanthropy and benevolence; and that the various vices which disgrace our nature, multiply in proportion to the decrease of domestic bliss! He who is capable of despising those bonds which consanguinity and affection jointly frame, is seldom proof against the allurements of vice; for his heart is callous to the voice of persuasion, and self-enjoyment is the only object of his desire.

The being who would study his own happiness, should invariably consider that of others; and by trying to augment their cup of felicity, he will not fail to increase his own.

The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or spleen, bear an equal resemblance to the separated ember, which is incapable of communicating either warmth or light. He who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, and to laugh at those ties which embellish human nature, imperceptibly acquires a ferocity of manners, that absolutely degrades the very name of man.

It should therefore, be early inculcated into the minds of youth, that our pleasures and enjoyments will be in proportion to our endeavours to lighten the burthen of our fellow-creatures. Were this method universally adopted, and children taught to cherish the soft affections, how much of that wanton cruelty would be avoided, which so frequently disgraces our boyish years; and what is still more lamentable, occasions a callosity of feeling throughout our future lives.

Creatures as we are of habit and custom, how absolutely essential is it to our peace, that those which are acquired before the judgment is enlightened, should uniformly lead to the practice of virtue!

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*Singular Invitation for a Female Companion.*

(FROM A HAMBURGH PAPER, AUG. 15, 1800.)

*The Lady Inviter is Miss Wilhelmina Henrietta Antonia,  
of Altona.*



“**A**S I have not yet found a man,” says Miss Antonia, “whom I can love, I have contracted a general desire to please, either by politeness, by following the fashions, or by a spirit of malice, which however never degenerates into genuine coquetishness. An invincible love for liberty, and a certain taste for idleness and ease, which renders every kind of authority insupportable to me, have prevented me, hitherto, from marrying.

“I have not yet found any man so superior as to command me, so amiable as to enslave me, so void of character as to be my slave, or so discreet and so faithful as to be my friend.

“I have a mind too elevated, a heart too timid, and an imagination too ardent, for me to be the subject of a long continued delusion. I neither wish to command nor to obey any man. I wish for a friend with whom I may pass my life, and divide my fortune, united by the purest, the truest, and the most virtuous sentiments, without constraint, and without reserve, without false delicacy, and without vanity; music, interesting reading, the society of some well-informed man would fill up our lives.

“If therefore, there is to be found a woman between the age of twenty-six and thirty-six, of a good constitution, and a moral character, well brought up, who, together with a pure and sensible heart, a reasonable and unaffected mind, and a correct taste, possesses politeness, feminine qualities, prudence, and that sincerity which the common intercourse of life requires, I should be happy to offer her my friendship and my house:—I should wish that she should neither be ugly nor absolutely poor.—If the particulars which I have enumerated are found to answer, I hope that she will with

a noble frankness acquaint me, through the medium of the *Affiches des Empire*, with her good qualities and even with her failings; and that she will consent to share with me the pleasures and the pains of life. She will find in my house an income of four thousand marks, annually; a commodious and extensive apartment, with a fine view over a large garden towards the Elbe, entirely at her own disposal. My carriage and my servants shall be entirely at her command: she shall eat by herself when she pleases. We shall make trial of each other's disposition for three years. All I stipulate is, that she shall be neither a Frenchwoman, a Jewess, nor a Lady of Quality."



## ALL HAPPINESS IS ILLUSION.

WOE TO HIM WHO ROBS US OF IT.

### A DRAMATIC ANECDOTE,

*From the Miscellaneous Works of Kotzebue,*

TRANSLATED BY C. SMITH.

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#### PERSONS,

Judge Belly.

Casper Simplex,

Francis Simplex,

Baron Hurra, a Physician.

} Two Brothers.

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(The Theatre is in some great, or in some small town, in the dining-room of Judge Belly, who is sitting at a round table, from which the remaining victuals had already been removed; some cheese, and a bottle of wine was yet left. In the adjoining room was a card table, round which some idlers had placed themselves. Judge Belly, his hands crossed, chewing a bit of cheese, and half asleep, muttered the following monologue.)

"SHALL I drink another bottle of wine, or a dish of coffee? Shall I get up or fall asleep? Shall I play a game of cards, or catch flies? At five o'clock, I shall have some

important business to attend to.---There will be the parson A--- to present me with some tulips,---and parson B--- has promised me a bird of Surinam,---and parson C--- is bringing me a tube of a pipe,---and (gaping) my Secretary will bring, God knows how many papers which I have to sign."

This last consideration had such a narcotic power on the wise Judge, that his half-chew'd bit of cheese fell from his mouth, and his head, like a twenty pound bomb, fell upon his shoulder.

My good Judge, if thou knewest the difficulty of the trial that awaits thee! neither flies, nor tulips, neither Surinam birds, nor tubes, will awake thee from thy slumber. The storm is approaching, the house bell is already ringing like a fire bell, they are now upon the stairs, voices like muffled drums are heard, and they are pushing into thy dining room, the sanctuary of thy deity, and thou son of Themis, startest reelingly up.

*(The Brothers Simplex, drag Baron Hurra into the room).*

*Francis.* Justice, Mr. Judge!

*Capper.* Justice and revenge!

*Baron Hurra.* Upon you! upon you! you ungrateful fellows.

*Francis.* Make me blind again!

*Cappar.* Make me deaf again!

*Baron Hurra.* You are fools, who ought to be sent to Bedlam.

*(They continue making a confused noise for some time, so that neither of them could be understood. Judge Belly assumes his official authority and enjoins silence.)*

*Judge.* One after the other, gentlemen! one after the other! slow and distinct!

*Francis.* This man has made me miserable.

*Capper.* And me too.



*Baron Hurra.* I have made them both happy, and now I am rewarded with ingratitude.

*Judge.* Who can find out the bottom of all this, 'tis an intricate case.

*Baron Hurra.* No intricacy at all, Honorable Judge, I beg to be heard.

*Judge.* Granted.

(He places himself properly upon his chair, assumes an official air, and Baron Hurra begins.)

“ These two gentlemen are brothers, both of them recognize nature as their step-mother, for both were neglected by her in soul and body. In soul---their ingratitude evinces. In body---for only a few days ago the one was blind, and the other deaf; both together had no more than two open eyes, and two sound ears. Judge then! here stands the deaf, who now hears as good as we---There stands the blind, who now sees as good as we---And who was it that bestowed on them this benefaction? That opened their eyes and ears? It was I! I have summoned all my knowledge, I have succeeded, and what have I deserved, reward or punishment?”

*Judge.* Reward to be sure.

*Francis.* Stop—not so precipitate, Honorable Judge, I shall in a few words prove to you the contrary. It is true I was born blind, and ah! were I so still, I should not at this moment stand before you with grief in my heart. What we never possessed we can easily do without; what we lose we can never forget:

I loved a girl who made me happy, I could not see, but I could hear her. Oh, what sweetness of voice! Whole days I would hear her, and I felt happy.

When her soft hand touched me, when I slumbered on her bosom, I forgot my blindness, and nothing was wanting to my happiness. Our wedding day was already fixed upon, when an unfriendly daemon made me acquainted with

this man. He offered his services, I yielded to persuasion too soon, and was unhappily restored to sight. My first view fell upon *Amelia*. Oh, heavens what a spectacle! Disfigured by the small pox, trickling eyes, wrinkled cheeks, red hair and bandy legs. She spoke, it was still the sweet tone of her voice, but it proceeded from a yawning throat. She touch'd me, it was still the soft squeeze of her hand, but her squinting at me went through bone and marrow. In short, vanished was my love; and an insupportable vacuum, a disagreeable feeling such as I never felt before, has now possessed my heart. I am unhappy, and whom have I to thank for it, but this physician, who forced his remedy upon me. Had he left me blind as I was, *Amelia* would now be my wife, and in my opinion a beauty.

*Judge.* Singular! they are both in the right.

*Caspar.* Now it is my turn to be heard, Honorable Judge. I was born deaf, and I would give one half of my property if I could re-purchase with it the time of my deafness. I loved a girl who was the joy of my life. I could not hear her, but I could see her, oh, how elegant her figure, how languishing her eyes, how lovely the dimples on her cheeks, whole days I could stand before her, and admire her charms with extacy.

I beheld her blue eyes, and thought to observe in them what I could not hear. — My attachment, in spite of my deafness, had already attracted her inclination; the day of our union was near at hand, when I became acquainted with this robber of my happiness, who talked a great deal of his skill, forced upon me his remedies, and, at last, to my sorrow, effected a cure.

On the wings of love I flew to my *Henrietta* and told her that I now could hear her. She spoke---but oh, heavens! all she said was so stupid, and so silly, that I stared almost lifeless at her face. It was still the same sweet mouth, but it spouted nonsense.

She still had the same lovely dimples on her cheeks, but she smiled when there was nothing to smile at. In short, her charms vanished, before my eyes I saw but an ignorant

damsel, and my love extinguished. The same vacuum, the same disagreeable sensation, of which my brother was complaining, I feel with double weight. I am unhappy, and whom have I to thank for it? but this doctor who cured me against my will. Had he left me in my happy state of deafness, *Henrietta* would now be my wife, and in my opinion would have more sense than the Goddess of Wisdom.

*Judge.* Strange! they are all three in the right.

*All three at once.* No, I'm right.

*Judge.* Silence, gentlemen. This is an intricate case---  
Jeremias fetch me down the *Corpus Juris*.

Jeremias waddled to the study room of the learned Judge, wiped the dust from some dozens of large books, and brought, as he could not read, some translation of an old heathenish philosopher.

Judge Belly opened the book on a venture, and the first phrase that struck his fancy, was,

ALL HAPPINESS IS ILLUSION,

*Woe to him who robs us of it.*



*Some Account of the late Madame Helvetius,  
Widow of the French Philosopher.*



SHE was born in 1719, at the Castle of Ligneville, in Lorraine; was the daughter of the count de Ligneville, allied to the House of Lorraine, and related to the Queen Maria Antoinette.

M. Helvetius saw her at the house of Madame Graffigny, so celebrated for her Peruvian Letters. He was struck

with her beauty, and the dignity with which she supported her fallen fortune.—He offered her his hand and married her, after resigning his place of Farmer General.

Her usual occupation now was, to visit the poor and the sick, accompanied by a surgeon, and a man of one of the charitable institutions.

It is known that Helvetius was persecuted for his book—“*De L'Esprit*,” a person of rank wrote to his wife, in order to engage her to obtain from the philosopher a dishonourable retraction: but she rejected the proposition; and, like a courageous woman, resolved to go into banishment, if necessary, rather than attempt to subdue the conscience of her husband.

The death of her husband transferred to other hands those estates upon which she expended her beneficence.—She retired to Auteuil with little more than an income of 20,000 francs; and took the resolution of going no more into the world, but of arranging her house in the most agreeable manner that the mediocrity of her revenue would permit. She was not sufficiently rich to go in quest of pleasure among others, but found that she had more than the means of enjoying it at home. She renounced her numerous acquaintance and attached herself solely to her friends. Of the treasures necessary for her beneficence, she retained nothing but her goodness; and that she employed upon animals. To render a sensible being happy, was to her a matter of necessity. Her house was, for ten years, an assemblage of little republics of animals, whose provider she was. It used to be said, on seeing her conversing with her dogs, her cats, and her birds, that she had some particular understanding with them. It was indeed the mutual understanding between goodness and gratitude. When she spoke of their endearments, their caresses, and their expressions of love towards her, you might suppose you heard *La Fontaine*, but perhaps with a higher charm.

Of every thing she judged, and in every thing acted from her heart. She loved the Revolution, because it restored, enabled, and rendered happy the most numerous part of the nation: she detested it, irrevocably, when she saw



that it was attended with pillage and with massacre.—She made a jest of pretensions to nobility. The Mareschal de B——, her kinsman, once reproached her with not knowing her family, and for not going into mourning for an illustrious relation.—“I cannot tell,” replied she, “whether I was of his family: but pray did he know that he belonged to mine?”

Whether from the abundance of her sentiments, or that openness is natural to those whose thoughts are always good, she spoke every thing that entered her head; and thus was she celebrated for her ingenuousness. Although she had little learning, yet she always pleased and frequently instructed.

Frequently in the midst of the most profound discussions, she would put in some exclamation some expression springing from the soul, which baffled all the sophisms, recalled the true principles, and served to determine the question. She was the happiest of women because the most affectionate; the last word she spoke was to Cabonis, who was kissing and pressing her hands already cold, and calling her my good mother, to which she replied “I am that still.”—She died at her house at Auteuil, on the 19th Aug. 1799, and was buried in her garden.

“You know not,” said she, walking there one day with Bonaparte, “how much happiness may be found in *three acres of land*.”

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### ADELINE ST. CLAIR.

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ADELINE was in the 18th year of her age, beautiful and admired, she was the envy of all her acquaintance, though amiable she was romantic; her knowledge of life and ideas of happiness were formed from novels.

Life she thought insupportable without a friend: Made-moiselle Velours she thought such, and to her she confided all the secrets of her heart.

Monsieur St. Clair, lamented the wrong education his daughter had received: without an opinion of her own and void of suspicion, she was likely to become the dupe of any woman less artful than Mademoiselle Velours.

He mentioned his opinion of her to Adeline: with all the warmth of affection she vindicated her friend, and as he saw her attachment was too strong to be shaken, he forbore to mention any more what would make her uneasy, without obtaining the end he wished.

He was making these reflections when the servant announced the Chevalier de Beaumont, a mutual affection had long subsisted between him and Adeline: their characters were alike romantic; to which he joined an impetuosity which frequently gave offence.

Enemies he had few, Mademoiselle Velours was one, after all the advances she had made, finding herself disregarded, she vowed to become his enemy, and resolved to leave no means untried to prevent his marrying any other woman. This was the reason of her pretended friendship for Adeline, that by gaining her confidence she might be able to put her design into execution. A belief of his infidelity she found would make her miserable: on this she rested her hope, she had no time to lose. In a week, Adeline was to become the wife of Beaumont, in compliance with her father's wishes that the day she attained her twentieth year, she would bestow her hand on the man who was already in possession of her heart. Joy seemed diffused through the family—M. St. Clair forgot his ill opinion of Mademoiselle Velours—all appeared happy; when two days before the wedding was to take place, Mademoiselle Velours entering the apartment of her friend, beheld her bathed in tears. Adeline thrust a letter into her hand—"read that," said she, "and judge if I have not cause for my grief.... Oh, Mademoiselle! By all that friendship which has subsisted between us, I conjure you, tell me all you know. "I will not deceive you" said Mademoiselle, "his amours are numberless, the person who wrote the letter is, I suppose the young lady who eloped with him and whose friends are now in search of her." "It is enough," said Adeline. "I am convinced of his falsehood, with your assistance I will retire to a convent,

there, to regain if possible that peace of mind I have lost. Their plan of escape was fixed, and early the next morning they arrived at the convent of—the paper she had found was part of a letter directed to Beaumont, upbraiding him for not keeping his appointment: and ending with these words—“If I do not see you to-morrow I shall believe you love for Adeline St. Clair (which you have so often assured me was feigned) to be true.”

At breakfast, M. St. Clair was surprised at Adeline's absence, probable she has walked farther than usual, thought he—an hour passed, still she did not appear; he rang the bell for her maid, “Miss Adeline” she said, “Monsieur desired me to give you this letter.” M. St. Clair opened it and read—

“My dear Father,

“Pardon the step I have taken—I have flown to a convent—a safe asylum from the false Beaumont. Cruelly as he has deceived me I still love him. The inclosed paper is a proof of his perfidy! Adieu, my father—pity and do not blame your unhappy daughter,

Adeline St. Clair.”

A tear fell from the eyes of Mons. St. Clair—No my child, I will not blame you. Void of deceit yourself, you suspected it not in others. I will shew Beaumont this vile letter.

He walked to the house, and entered the apartment of his young friend. He started back—for on a bed lay the exhausted form of the once blooming and happy Beaumont! He raised his languid eyes at the entrance of M. St. Clair, and with a voice scarcely audible, he uttered “oh my dear sir, this is kind indeed! you have not deserted me, and believed what malice invented”.

It is the perfidious Velours who has done this—I refused her hand.—“Know then” said she, “your Adeline detests you! convinced of your falsehood she has taken the veil, and I am reveng'd.” A horrid smile pervaded her features

as she left the room: and I, driven to despair by the loss of Adeline swallowed poison;

Quite exhausted, he grasp'd the hand of M. St. Clair, and breathing a faint sigh, expired.

This story was soon circulated throughout Calais, shunned and detested by every one, Mademoiselle Velours resolved to go to England. Before her departure she sent a letter to Adeline, informing her of Beaumont's death (which through tenderness had been concealed), ending with these words "your jealousy and blind credulity in believing him false, surpassed my most sanguine wishes."

This shock was more than she could sustain. Her reason sunk under it. The sight of a stranger increases her wandering: she never mixes in conversation, and seldom leaves her cell. Mons. St. Clair lived but a short time after these events, and Mademoiselle Velours perished in a storm on her passage to England.

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## RESIGNATION.

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**A**MIDST the variety of distresses to which human life is exposed, few are allowed to come under the description of *real evils*, and the rest are, in some degree, imaginary.

We are apt to elevate the standard of felicity, on too high a pinnacle, and from hence arise the murmurs of discontent, and the unavailing repinings of complaint. In the wisdom and goodness of providence, there is a healing balm provided for every wound; and while the lenient hand of time, soothes the agitated soul to peace, the spirit asserts its own immortal right, and rests in hope beyond the grave.

Resignation to the divine decree, is a principle that should be inculcated from the earliest dawn of reason, and enforced



with all the ardour both of precept and example; for the being, who is in the constant habit of imagining its own misfortunes, *Severer* than its neighbours, at length become so inured to the habit of *Discontent*, that it grows insensible to the blessings it enjoys, and, in the practice of repining, forgets to be grateful to its maker! There is a virulence in the evils which we bring upon ourselves, or which flow from the injustice of others, that depresses the spirits and corrodes the heart; but that calamity which is the appointment of heaven, carries along with it a never failing relief; and the poison which is administered by an almighty hand, is always attended with its own antidote.

One particular advantage that may be derived from adversity, is, that it always blunts the shaft of envy; and whilst those who are distinguished either by their abilities, or their virtue, are alike exposed to the malignancy of its attack, the unfortunate man escapes its dart. Amidst the various instances which history has produced, wherein the female mind has been displayed with peculiar lustre, and where resignation and duty have been combined, I know none more strikingly beautiful, or more simply affecting, than the description of that character, an epitome of which I shall select for the amusement and imitation of my youthful readers.

There is no story either in ancient, or modern history, which has been wrought into so many forms, accommodated to so many circumstances, or transfused into so many languages, as the history of *Ruth*. The reader of sensibility admires it for its appeal to the heart, and impression on the passions: the man of taste, for the elegance of its diction, and the arrangement of its facts; and the friend of virtue and morality, for the lesson it contains of mild resignation, and filial piety.

The Jewish recorders of this beautiful tale, represent her as being the daughter of Moabitish King: she is introduced to our knowledge by her sublime historian, in a situation peculiarly calculated to interest humanity, and call forth tenderness. Young, beautiful, and unfortunate, we behold her bereaved of all that is constituted human felicity; the husband of her affection is torn from her, and she resolves to quit her family and friends, to protect age and cherish

infirmity; to smooth the pillow of affliction, and prove her respect to the memory of the departed.

What can be more exquisitely beautiful, or more simply touching, than the reply she makes to *Naomi's* request, that she would remain with her friends in the land of *Moab*. "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people, shall be my people, and thy God, my God."

Who can peruse expressions like these, either with apathy, or indifference? and who can read of such affection to the mother of a husband, without feeling their hearts glow with tenderness towards the authors of their own existence?

The tender strife of mutual love here closed; and *Naomi*, no longer able to deny herself the happiness of so sweet a sharer in her sorrows, here consented to a joint participation of them.

Although the history is silent on the subject of their journey, it is natural to suppose, it must have been painful, anxious, and fatiguing; and *Naomi's* mind must have been torn by anguish, at the very recollection of past felicity. At length they arrive at the place of her nativity, but no children fly to meet!—No friends to welcome her arrival! all is apathy and cold indifference, and in the land she had so anxiously longed to visit, she finds herself in danger of wanting a piece of bread!

But let us turn our eyes from an object who claims our *pity*, to one who commands our *admiration*; and though we leave *Naomi* under the pressure of misfortune, yet we leave her in the hands of a being, who, forgetful of her former station, cheerfully descends to the most menial office, and unrepining at the misery that surrounds her, supports their existence by the exertions of daily labor.

Providence has certainly annexed both respectability and happiness to honest industry; but they are in some degree, dependent upon circumstances. The mind which has been accustomed to enjoy the elegancies of life, is little calcu-

lated to taste felicity from a source of labor; and labor itself is doubly toilsome, if no one shares or joins in its exertions.—Yet we behold the amiable Moabite, mixing promiscuously amongst a herd of strangers, with no other guard than her own virtue; with no other protection than native modesty, and by the delicacy of her deportment, and the diffidence of her manners, interesting hearts unaccustomed to the impression.

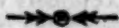
The task of labor is cheerfully performed; and in the prospect of lengthening out *Nabmi's* life, she looks forward with pleasure to the reiterated toil of the ensuing day. The piety of the act, and the resignation of the performer, were observed by that being, who both sees and rewards our virtues.

*Boaz* is made acquainted with both her circumstances and family; his heart melts with sympathy at the account of her sufferings, and glows with admiration at the description of her virtues. The gloomy prospect becomes suddenly irradiated; the clouds of adversity rapidly disperse; and the humble gleaner, in the field of *Boaz*, is destined to be the mistress of those lands, which once afforded the scanty means of preserving the existence of herself and mother.

From this epitome of an interesting life we may at once derive both instruction and amusement; and whilst we voluntarily offer a tribute of praise to the filial piety, and mild resignation, of the amiable Moabite, may we learn to place an implicit reliance on that being who pities our distresses and rewards our virtues.



## HENRIETTA ST. LEGER.



**H**ANDSOME, well bred and accomplished, Henrietta had attained her seventeenth year, intoxicated with flattery, her numerous virtues were obscured by levity, and the fond indulgence of her parents rather strengthened her in error,

than eradicated those false prejudices she entertained. Yet there were in her mind lurking merits, that restrained her from all excess, and so well tempered her failings, as to diminish them almost beyond perception.

Among those who knew and justly estimated her worth, was the Count D'Arcy, a nobleman of immense fortune and equal philanthropy. Nature had not been prodigal to his person, and he was past the meridian of life; deficiencies (that Henrietta, accustomed to the admiration of the finest men in Paris) could not easily overlook, even had not a more inseparable barrier subsisted between them.

D'Arcy had a friend, graceful in person and insinuating in manner. The bright sable eyes of Albert beamed such intelligent rays to the heart of Henrietta as soon taught it to own no other power.

The Baron St. Leger saw the prepossessions of his daughter with pain: he esteemed D'Arcy, and fixed his fondest hopes on his union with Henrietta, but she repaid his attentions with scorn, and determined no other than Albert should command her affections.

D'Arcy, who beheld with agony her decided preference, withdrew his suit, and secretly endured all the anguish of a disappointed and hopeless passion. The Baron vainly entreated her to pay a proper attention to the character of her young lover, which he feared was such as would destroy the peace of his child. These were the precautions of age prone to suspicion. The mind of Henrietta was too open to harbour the remotest idea of unworthiness in a beloved object, and she yielded to his suit with a generous frankness, that soon rendered farther precaution needless. The day was fixed for their union, and the neglected D'Arcy retired from a scene of torture to his chateau in a remote part of the province. The Baron shed tears at his departure; lamented his daughter's infatuation; and promised always to think of him with the warmest friendship.

The morning that was to make the lovely Henrietta a bride, at length arrived: her heart bounded with delight, nor was Albert less transported; he saw her unsuspecting con-



fidence and tenderest affection, and while beauty filled his mind with admiration, her innocence brought with it a pang he vainly tried to conceal. He faltered as he paid her the morning salutation; and when he would have raised her hand to his lips his own dropped nerveless by his side. Alarmed almost to fainting by his emotion, Henrietta sunk into a chair, and the ceremony was suspended for a few moments, in which interval a servant delivered a letter to Miss St. Leger. Astonished at perceiving the superscription in an unknown hand, she hastily tore it open, and read in an almost unintelligible scrawl these words:—  
“If you have the least humanity, suspend your marriage with Albert Dufour, till you have seen the unhappy writer of this, to whom the bearer will conduct you. Bid Albert remember the wrongs of

Maria De Lacy.”

It were difficult to describe the agitation of Henrietta on the perusal of this; still more so that of Albert, whose perturbed looks evinced his guilt, and he retired from the room to conceal his evident alarm. Too fond to condemn upon slight grounds, she instantly accompanied the bearer of the note; and a post chaise which stood in waiting, soon conveyed them to a neat cottage on the banks of the Seine, about twenty miles from the Baron's Castle. The woman, her companion, led her into a small apartment, and begged her to wait a few minutes, while she prepared her mistress for her reception, who was, she informed her, in a very infirm state of health. She then left her in a state of the most anxious suspense. It now for the first time occurred to her that this might be but a stratagem of D'Arcy's to get her into his power, and she every moment expected him to enter the apartment. Her terrors were soon removed—her conductress returned, leading in a young woman, whose pallid countenance shewed the traces of deep distress, and the most winning loveliness; in her hand she held a blooming boy of two years old, who seemed vainly endeavouring to support her feeble steps. She clasped her hands together as Henrietta rose from her seat, and as the tears trickled fast down her cheeks, would have bent her knees to the ground; but Henrietta sprang forward, caught her in her arms, and, placing her on a seat, used her utmost en-

deavours to keep her in a state of sensibility. As soon as the young woman revived, she ordered the attendant to withdraw, and turning to Miss St. Leger, addressed her in a tone of voice so sweetly plaintive, as touched her to the heart.

"You behold, Madam," said she, "an unhappy woman, who can now claim no other name than that of Maria. I have disgraced my family by my unfortunate attachment, and now deservedly suffer the pangs of retribution. My father was tutor to the Chevalier Dufour. Educated together, it is not wonderful I imbibed the fondest affection for him, with my earliest infancy, which he as ardently returned. The death of my dear parent soon left me wholly dependent upon his bounty, and I was the victim of my gratitude to him. I thought of no time beyond the present, and hoped for no establishment but what I shared with him. Early in life, left to the guidance of his own inclination, pleasure deluded him from the paths of honour, and I soon found that his attachment to me was but of a transient nature, and such as he considered very lightly.

"Death would have been more welcome to me than his indifference, yet I was fated to endure it, and learnt that the dignity of his family name demanded that he should marry. You, Madam, became the object of his adoration; the poor, weak Maria, was no longer remembered; and this dear infant saw the light without a father's smiles to welcome it into existence! Still, in all my affliction, I had a friend: the excellent Count D'Arcy visited me frequently. His friendship for my still loved Albert extended itself to me; yet he was too generous and noble-minded to disturb your happiness with what might be considered only as the result of a selfish view. He visited me, assisted me with money, for I had long refused to receive any pecuniary favor from Albert, and gave me advice and consolation. From him I learnt your approaching marriage. It was an event I had long determined never to survive; and I sent for you now, Madam, to bequeath this infant to your care. Condescend to plead its cause to its unkind father!—It is the last request of a dying wretch, who will no longer interrupt your happiness."

As Maria concluded, she sunk upon her knees, as imploring pity; while Henrietta, with streaming eyes, placed herself by her side and vowed she would never part them. After much expostulation, she prevailed upon the fair sufferer to return with her in the carriage to the Castle, which they performed by easy stages; and, by the way, Henrietta tenderly endeavoured to fortify her mind against the approaching interview with Albert.

During the absence of Henrietta, he had shut himself up closely in his chamber, and would not speak to any one. A message from Henrietta soon recalled him, and she presented Maria to him, with a dignity that surprized all present.

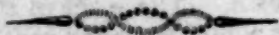
"This Lady, Sir," said she, with assumed composure, "you have greatly injured; you have also deceived me. It is a needless confession for me to say, how much felicity I once promised myself in an union with you: circumstances are materially altered; think me not so base as to found your happiness in the wretchedness of another. Whatever affection I might once have felt for you, be assured it would quickly change into abhorrence and contempt, were you to refuse doing justice to an amiable girl, whose artless affections you have abused. The only compensation you can now make for the baseness with which you designed to act towards me, is by restoring her to happiness. See your beautiful child, too! Does not its innocent looks speak to your heart, and make you wonder at your own madness? Want of fortune shall no longer be an obstacle. With my father's consent, I will now present Maria with five thousand pounds; and as for myself, I am determined to set you the example of self command, by assuring my dear father, that my hand shall now be entirely at his disposal."

The magnanimity of her conduct awed the guilty Albert into veneration, and he embraced his long deserted Maria with tenderness, entreating only that Henrietta would bless them with her friendship.

Fearing to trust to the weakness of her own heart, Henrietta hastened the celebration of their union as much as

possible, and parted from them with a calmness, the result of conscious rectitude. As soon as she could recover from the shock her spirits had sustained, she permitted the Baron to recall D'Arcy. His amiable conduct endeared him to her, and the want of personal attractions ceased to be a consideration. Convinced of her former error, she made atonement by the kindest attention to D'Arcy, who became her husband after a short period had elapsed, to the heart-felt satisfaction of the Baron.

The virtuous forbearance and obedience of Henrietta was rewarded by the affections of the best of men; a friendly intercourse was established between the two families, and the happiness of each is only insured by the felicity of the other.



### AN AFFECTING STORY.



**J**OH<sup>N</sup> Andrew Gordier, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of the Isle of Jersey, had for several years paid his addresses to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a native of the Island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, the happy day for leading his mistress to the altar, at length was fixed. After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage need not be described; the land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and, without waiting for refreshment, or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited, which was only a few miles from the port. The servant, who soon followed, was surprised to find his master not arrived; repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire in vain.

Having waited in anxious expectation, till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate



to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstances of the case. The next morning at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man, was not calculated to diminish their fears; with evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them, that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the road by which Gordier generally passed. After days of dreadful suspense and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds: but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or even to hazard conjecture concerning the perpetrator of so foul a deed. The regret of both families for a good young man, thus cut off in the bloom of life by a cruel assassin, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species which relieves itself by external effusion, was for that very reason the more poignant.

Her virtues and her beauty having attracted universal admiration, the family, after a few years, were prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant, and a native of the Island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding over the catastrophe of her first.

In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and energetic declarations that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted, but the unhappy lady found it difficult to suppress a certain involuntary antipathy, which she always felt whenever he approached. But such was the ardor of passion, or such the fascinating power of her charms, repulse only encreased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits, sometimes endeavouring to prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a present from his hands. Her friends remarked, that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she positively and firmly refused; adding, with a correctness of sentiment and propriety of conduct, not always imitated by her sex, that it was dishonorable and mean, to encourage attentions, and receive favors from a man, who excited in her mind sensations far more violent

than indifference, and whose offers no motives could ever prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by his earnestness, and his assiduities, and by exciting pity, had won over the mother of the young lady to second his wishes. In her desire to forward this suit, she had taken an opportunity during the night to affix the trinket in question to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbade her to remove this token of unaccepted affection. The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea which divides Jersey and Guernsey, to visit her, to offer every consolation in her power, and what in such cases is always the most soothing consolation, to mingle tears with her's.

The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love, naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure in recounting to the old lady many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also fond of enquiring into, and listening to every minute particular, which related to the last interview of her son with his mistress. It was on one of those occasions, that their conversation reverted as usual to the melancholy topic; and the sad retrospect so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already very much impaired, that she sunk in convulsions on the floor.

During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their terror was considerably increased by observing that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier were instantly caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch; that well-known token of her son's affection, which she declared he had purchased as a gift for his mistress, previous to his leaving Jersey. With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder and suspicion, were mingled, she repeated the extraordinary circumstance to the unhappy lady, during the interval of a short recovery. The moment the poor sufferer understood that the Jewel she had hitherto so much despised, was originally in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new

horror on her mind; she made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart, her eyes for a moment exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung to the highest pitch by the envenomed dart of horrible conviction, and crying out, "oh murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of her attendants. It is hardly necessary to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination. Gordier in his way from the port to the house, had been way-laid by Galliard, murdered and plundered of the trinket; in the hope that after his death, he might succeed to the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, on being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and an impious letter left in his apartment, in which he imputed his abominable conduct to the fury of ungovernable passion: and concluded with calling on the Almighty to forgive the rash and desperate act he was about to commit.

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### REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

A LADY now resident at Brussels having been condemned to death at Lyons, was led with a number of persons in the same unhappy situation, to the scaffold, and had the misery of beholding many wretched victims suffer death under the stroke of the guillotine: the executioner at length declared himself so fatigued that he could proceed no farther in this horrid business without refreshment. She was not yet bound, and in the interval she jumped down into the croud, and being unhurt, and probably assisted, mixed with the multitude, and got away; she ran and walked without stopping, all that day; and at night she was so exhausted that she was forced to lie down a few hours in a wood.

After a short interval of rest, she resumed her flight; and seeing a house, she ventured to go to it, and there related the story of her marvellous escape. They assisted her with food, disguised her like a beggar, and then dismissed her, and she proceeded on her journey, till she reached Berne; after which at her leisure she was conveyed to Brussels.

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## Song.

### *The Men are all Rovers alike.*

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*To me yet in teens Mamma would oft say,  
That men were deceivers and sure to betray;  
This lesson so strongly she painted to me,  
That lovers I thought all deceivers must be,  
And that men are all rovers alike.*

*Young Collin is handsome, good humor'd beside,  
With artless kind offer, would make me his bride;  
Mamma was mistaken I plainly can see,  
And I doubt if all rovers deceivers must be,  
Or that men are all, &c.*

*Thus sung the fair damsel, when Collin appear'd,  
Her doubts now all vanish'd, no danger she fear'd,  
To join in sweet wedlock, the lovers agree,  
Was Miss in the wrong, that hereafter you'll see.*

*For the men are all, &c.*

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## POETRY.

### *The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard.*

BY GEORGIANA A, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

**Y**E plains where three-fold harvests press the ground!  
Ye climes where genial gales incessant swell!  
Where Art and Nature shed profusely round  
Their rival wonders—Italy farewell.

Still may thy year in surest splendor shine  
Its icy darts, in vain may winter throw  
To thee a parent, Sister, I consign,  
And wing'd with health I woo thy gales to blow.

Yet pleas'd Helvetia's rugged brows I see,  
And through their craggy steep, delighted roam;  
Pleas'd with a people honest, brave and free,  
While every step conducts me nearer home.

I wander where Tesina madly flows,  
From cliff to cliff in foaming eddies tost;  
On the rude mountain's barren breast he rose,  
In Po's broad wave now hurries to be lost.

His shores neat huts and verdant pastures fill,  
And hills where woods of pine the storm defy;  
While scorning vegetation higher still,  
Rise the bare rocks, coeval with the sky.

Upon his banks a favor'd spot I found,  
Where shade and beauty tempted to repose,  
Within a grove by mountains circled round,  
By rocks o'erhung my rustic seat I chose.

Advancing thence by gentle pace and slow,  
Unconscious of the way my footsteps prest;  
Sudden supported by the hills below,  
*St. Gotbard's* summit rose above the rest.

'Mid towering cliffs and tracks of endless cold,  
The industrious path pervades the rugged stone,  
And seems--*Helvetia* let thy toils be told,  
A granite girdle o'er the mountain thrown.

No haunt of man the weary traveller greets,  
No vegetation smiles upon the Moor;  
Save where the floweret breathes uncultur'd sweets,  
Save where the patient Monk receives the poor.

Yet let not these rude paths be coldly trac'd,  
Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod,  
Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,  
Here charity uplifts the mind to God.

His humble board the holy man prepares,  
And simple food and wholesome lore bestows;  
Extols the pleasures that his Mountain bears,  
And paints the perils of impending snows.

For while bleak winter numbs with chilling hand,  
Where frequent crosses mark the traveller's fate;  
In slow procession moves the merchant band,  
And silent bends where tott'ring ruins wait.

Yet 'mid those ridges, 'mid that drifted snow,  
Can nature deign her wonders to display;  
Here *Adularia* shines with vivid glow,  
And gems of chrysal sparkle to the day.

Here too the hoary mountain's brow to grace,  
Five silver lakes in tranquil state are seen;  
While from their waters many a stream we trace,  
That 'scap'd from bondage rolls the rocks between.

Here flows the Reuss to seek her wedded love,  
And with the Rhone Germanic climes explore;  
Her stream I mark'd, and saw her wildly move,  
Down the bleak mountain through the craggy shore.

My weary footsteps hop'd for rest in vain,  
For steep on steep in rude confusion rose;  
At length I paus'd above a fertile plain,  
That promis'd shelter and foretold repose.

Fair runs the streamlet o'er the pasture green,  
Its margin gay with flocks and cattle spread;  
Embowering trees the peaceful village screen,  
And guard from snow each dwelling's jutting shed.

Sweet vale whose bosom wastes and cliffs surround,  
Let me awhile thy friendly shelter share;  
Emblem of life, where some bright hours are found,  
Amid the darkest dreariest years of care.

Delv'd through the rock the sacred passage bends,  
And beauteous horror strikes the dazzled sight;  
Beneath the pendant bridge the stream descends,  
Calm till it rumbles o'er the frowning height.

We view the fearful pass—we wind along  
The path that marks the terrors of our way;  
'Mid beetling rocks and hanging woods among,  
The torrent pours and breathes its glittering spray.

Weary at length, serener scenes we hail,  
More cultur'd groves o'ershade the grassy mead;  
The next, tho' wooden hamlets, deck the vale,  
And Altorf's spires recall heroic deeds.

But though no more amidst these scenes I roam,  
My fancy long each image shall retain;  
The flock returning to its welcome home,  
And the wild carol of the cowherd's strain.

Lucernia's lake its glassy surface shews,  
While nature's varied beauties deck its side;  
Here rocks and woods its narrow waves enclose,  
And there its spreading bosom opens wide.

And hail the Chapel! Hail the platform wild!  
Where Tell directed the avenging dart;  
With well strung arm that first preserv'd his child,  
Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

Across the lake and deep embower'd in wood,  
Behold another hallow'd Chapel stand;  
Where three Swiss Heroes, lawless force withstood,  
And stamp'd the freedom of their native land.

Their liberty requir'd no rites uncouth,  
No blood demanded and no slaves enchain'd;  
Her rule was gentle and her voice was truth,  
By social order form'd, by laws restrain'd.

We quit the lake—and cultivations toil,  
With nature's charms combin'd adorns the way,  
And well earn'd wealth improves the ready soil,  
And ample manners still maintain their sway.

Farewell Helvetia! from whose lofty breast,  
Proud Alps arise and copious rivers flow;  
Where source of streams, eternal Glaciers rest,  
And peaceful silence gilds the plains below.

Oft on thy rocks the wond'ring eye shall gaze,  
Thy valies oft the raptur'd bosom seek;  
There nature's hand her bolder work displays,  
Here bliss domestic beams on every cheek.



Hope of my life, dear children of my heart,  
That anxious heart to each fond feeling true;  
To you still pants each pleasure to impart,  
And more---Oh transport!--reach its home and you.

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### THE SEASONS.

WHEN Chloe first with blooming charms,  
Invited lovers to her arms,  
She look'd a dainty thing:  
We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,  
And, as the simile most fit,  
We call'd the period SPRING.

The hasty moments pass'd away;  
We saw her bright meridian day,  
And woman's state become her:  
The prudent mother and the wife,  
Diffus'd around her all the life  
And all the bliss of SUMMER.

Advancing on in life's career,  
The maids to Chloë lend an ear,  
And what she knew she taught 'em;  
Her sage advice dispersing round,  
Till every prudent virgin found  
The richest fruits of AUTUMN.

But Chloë's charms are faded quite;  
Yet honor can't allow it right,  
Of well earn'd praise to stint her;  
For she who Summer well employs,  
Will reap the Autumns solid joys,  
Nor dread the frost of WINTER.

---

*RURAL FELICITY.*

**S**EE where yon clay-built habitation stands,  
Whose whiten'd front with clean wip'd casements shine,  
A glowing landscape to the south commands,  
While round the entrance creeps the fruitful vine.

Behind, an orchard teems with goodly fruit:  
In front, a lawn where sportive lambkins bleat;  
On either side the door, a moss grown root  
Is rudely hewn, to form a shady seat.

Beneath this roof a happy pair reside,  
Far from tumultuous scenes of worldly strife;  
There the good Philon dwells, whose only pride  
Centers with rapture in his lovely wife.

Louisa long had been (in virtue train'd)  
Her aged parent's sole support on earth,  
And, with the pittance her industry gain'd,  
Cherish'd the withering form that gave her birth.

Philon in peaceful competency blest,  
With pious transport saw the duteous fair,  
And kindly snatch'd her to his fost'ring breast,  
When love and gratitude repaid his care.

Three beauteous children now adorn his board,  
Emblems of health and innocence combin'd,  
While by each other more and more ador'd,  
The parents daily new perfections find.

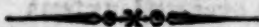
Soon as the Lark his matin Carol sings  
Philon refresh'd with sleep to work repairs,  
Louisa from the couch of luxury springs,  
Pleas'd to commence the Matron's daily cares.

Their frugal wholesome meal at noon they share,  
With healthful appetites and thankful hearts;  
Nor while a fragment from their board they spare,  
The stranger from their gate unfed departs.

And when at eve, their daily toil is done,  
In cheerful gambols on the lawn they play,  
Till the last rays of the departing sun,  
Close both the toils and pleasures of the day.

Uniting then their hands and hearts, they raise,  
While pious glory animates each face,  
In strains of rapture sing their Maker's praise,  
And beg his gracious blessing on their race.

The Father hearing, showers on their heads,  
The choicest blessings Heaven can bestow,  
Gives Peace, the sure reward of virtuous deeds,  
And calm content, the greatest bliss below.



*To a Daughter on her Birth-Day.*

BY MR. BELOE.

How many virtues should be seen,  
When once the Maid becomes sixteen,  
To watch a father's failing years,  
To dry an anxious mother's tears,  
How many ills may chance betide  
A brother wandering far and wide,  
Who gazing on the green sea's foam,  
May sigh but sigh in vain, for home.  
Then should a sister's tender care  
Against his wish'd return prepare;  
Perhaps some younger prattler's noise  
A parent's feeble health annoys.

Then should a sister's better sense  
Provide a Cure for petulance,  
Perhaps the infants shriller cry  
Proclaims no tender mother nigh.  
Sweet are the feelings which dispose  
To hush the cherub to repose ;  
Perhaps the world too hard may press,  
And penury and keen distress  
May cloud the hospitable door  
Where peace and plenty smil'd before ;  
Then should the aching bosom prove  
The comfort of a daughter's love ;  
For then the eye uplifted prays  
That she may know far happier days—  
Such are the virtues to be seen  
When once the maid becomes sixteen,  
But let not rising Beauty's bloom  
With pale solicitude consume,  
Nor pine with over anxious fears  
That cares must multiply with years—  
Sweet are the pleasures to be seen  
When once the maid becomes sixteen.  
Then shall the gentle bosom beat,  
With soft but inexperienced heat,  
Connecting happiness and truth  
With thoughts of some more favor'd youth ;  
Then too shall health a glow diffuse,  
Fit subject for the youthful Muse ;  
Then shall a father's fondness trace  
The mother's charms, the mother's grace ;  
Again shall hang enamour'd o'er,  
What thrill'd the bosom long before ;  
Then in his girl's accomplish'd mind  
Return for all his care shall find,  
And, in the praise which all bestow,  
The sweetest recompence shall know,



Manners the fruit of sterling sense,  
 And smiles the gift of innocence.  
 Good humour, warm desire to please,  
 With cheerfulness and graceful ease.  
 Sweet qualities! and thousands more,  
 Which parents gaze with rapture o'er,  
 May all on this fair morn be seen,  
 For JANE is now become SIXTEEN.

---

### THE BEE.

FULL oft my love the moral page,  
 Persuades us mark the careful bee,  
 And oft I've heard the hoary sage,  
 Commend its useful Industry.

And look thee love—see every flower  
 That spreads its beauties to the day;  
 Presents some sweet attractive power,  
 To charm the cheerful wanderer's way.

And why should MAN, with sullen pride,  
 Neglect the joys by Heaven bestow'd,  
 And scorn the flowers that bloom beside  
 His short, and ever varied road.

---

### TO A YOUNG LADY.

W HILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,  
 Nor flattering verse conveys the faithless vow,  
 To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,  
 And e'er she hears the *lover* hear the *friend*,

Let maids less blest, employ their meaner arts  
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts;  
May Sappho learn (for nobler triumphs born)  
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.  
To form thy bosom to each generous deed;  
To plant thy mind with every useful seed;  
Be these thy arts: nor spare the grateful toil,  
Where Nature's hand has bless'd the happy soil;  
So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill to blend  
The lovely mistress and instructive friend.  
So shalt thou know, when unrelenting time  
Shall spoil those charms yet opening to their prime;  
To ease the loss of Beauty's transient flower,  
While reason keeps what rapture gave before:  
And oh! while wit fair dawning, spreads her ray,  
Serenely rising to a glorious day;  
To hail the growing lustre oft be mine,  
Thou early favorite of the sacred Nine;  
And shall the muse with blameless boast pretend,  
In early bloom that Sappho call'd me friend;  
That urged by me, she shunned the dangerous way,  
Where heedless maids in endless error stray;  
That scorning soon her sex's idle art,  
Fair Praise inspir'd and Virtue warm'd her heart;  
That, fond to reach the distant paths of Fame,  
I taught her infant genius where to aim.  
Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,  
And all unskill'd their feeble pinions try,  
Th' experienc'd sire prescribes th' advent'rous height;  
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd, attends the flight.



## TO A MOTHER.

**O**H! thou dear fountain, whence my life arose,  
 Which rich in blessing still unceasing flows,  
 Accept my verse and let my thanks be heard,  
 For all thy pains endured—thy gifts conferr'd.  
 Oh! let a duteous son his feelings speak,  
 While tears of gratitude bedew his cheek.  
 If but a gloom my infant face oppress,  
 A pang maternal wrung thy anxious breast,  
 A secret joy through thy glad bosom flew,  
 As year on year, my rising stature grew.  
 'Twas thine to guide my infant heart to truth,  
 'Twas thine to turn to virtuous deeds my youth,  
 Oft flow'd instruction from thy suasive tongue,  
 While on thy arm attentively I hung.  
 How can I pay the debt immense—or where  
 Begin my gratitude for all thy *care*?  
 Forever let thy name my soul inspire,  
 Thy happiness remain my chief desire;  
 Thy precepts still my utmost care employ  
 To hear my duty—to obey my joy,

---

 WINTER.

**B**LEAK blows the wind, and from the surly North  
 The fleecy flakes in drifted showers descend;  
 From his warm cot the shepperd ventures forth,  
 And braves the storm his bleating charge to tend.

Wide o'er the joyless plain on drooping wing,  
 The feather'd tribe, enfeebled, urge their flight  
 With trem'lous cry; nor longer gladsome sing  
 The sprightly warbling note of gay delight,

Happy the man besides his cheerful fire,  
Whom books delight, and literature refin'd;  
Who Wisdom can from every page acquire,  
And treasure up her precepts in his mind.

And happy he, who with some partner dear,  
Holds converse sweet nor dreads the win'try gale;  
Or to a prattling offspring's list'ning ear  
Repeats the jocund legendary tale.

But think ye Sons of Affluence! Oh! think,  
While providence doth all your wants supply,  
How many on the bed of Anguish shrink,  
And taste the bitter cup of Misery.

Go,--brave the rigor of the inclement year,  
The cheerless hut of Poverty explore!  
Go,--chace the widow's and the orphan's tear,  
And to their wants unfold your ample store.

So shall Omnipotence the deed reward,  
And with prosperity your riches bless:  
For he alone is worthy Heaven's regard  
Whose hand relieves the children of distress.

---

### THE HERMIT BOY.

A FOREST's deep gloom was the noiseless retreat  
From the follies and vices of life  
Of a sage, whose tir'd heart could in unison beat,  
To no joy of the living, save fellowship sweet,  
With one only companion; his wife.

Long time here they lived, in this desolate nook,  
Forgotten their woes as a dream;



Green herbs were their food and their drink the clear brook  
That by their lone cot its meandering took;  
Their bed was the flag of the stream.

Heaven sent them a boy, only pledge of their love,  
But denied him a mother to know,  
'Twas her last fondest wish that her infant might prove,  
Seclusion's sure blessings, nor ever remove  
To a world of temptation and woe.

Death came, and beneath the tall grass was she laid,  
That wav'd by the side of the cot,  
Here the good man his visits at morn and eve paid;  
Her grave with sweet flowrets he duly array'd,  
And it seem'd to assuage his hard lot.

To his wife's last injunctions the father long true,  
Each inquisitive Sally withstood;  
His son, now a youth, thought no other but two,  
Himself and his father, the vital air drew.  
And the world was compris'd in a wood.

They rov'd through the thickets and glades all the day,  
And repos'd when the shadow's fell fast;  
Ere the sun drank the dew from the glittering spray,  
In the early grey dawn they together would stray,  
To seek for their blameless repast.

At noon, as it drooped on the heath that was nigh,  
The sage mark'd the violet and said,  
Just so when the sun of prosperity's high,  
Does virtue first blossom then wither and die,  
For want of obscurity's shade,

But see, cried the youth, yon grey alder beneath,  
One beauteous in hue and in form;  
Yet it can't be compar'd with the flower on the heath,  
For it scents not the air with its odorous breath,  
Tho' defended from sunshine and storm,

The father stood musing in conscious surprise,  
At the love which simplicity taught;  
Yet trembled for fear of the doubtful disguise,  
Which hides even truth from the ken of the wise,  
And puzzles the tremulous thought.

But my boy, still in secret, he cried, will I try  
From the waste of existence to save.  
Where the phantoms of pleasure dance thick to the eye,  
But the wretch who pursues them, as luring they fly,  
Often finds but a treacherous grave.

Still this wide spreading wood shall protection afford  
From man, vile associate man!  
Kind nature still cater our homely spread board,  
Still for winter the fruits of rich Autumn we'll board,  
And the brook shall replenish our can.

Full oft had the year made the forest bough bare,  
When the good man grew faint with disease;  
'Twas then he first trusted his son from his care,  
Alone through the forest to find for him there,  
Some simples his anguish to ease.

Ah! Luckless the time that all wild with dismay,  
Thou rovest advent'rous alone;  
No medicine, fond youth, did thy searches repay,  
That might ease of his anguish thy father that day,  
No herb that would soften thine own.

To the forests green verge all unknowing he came,  
Where two females first met his young sight;  
Unusual commotion then shot through his frame,  
He felt a new passion he could not well name,  
And sighed for some unknown delight.

They vanish'd, and back to his far distant home,  
He wander'd in pensive surmise;

The herbs from his scrip to his father were shewn,  
But Oh! cried the youth, as he fetch'd a deep groan,  
What vision has dazzled my eyes?

Some vision I fear, son, that bodes thee no good!  
But prithee the wonder declare;  
Two lovely white forms pass'd the tree where I stood,  
And glided so softly away in the wood,  
They seem'd to dissolve in the air.

Ah! talk not so fondly of what thou hast seen,  
They are fairies that haunt the wood side!  
Ah! shun them as serpents that coil on the green,  
Or they'll wound thee with arrows tormenting and keen,  
Then sorely thy sufferings deride.

Dear youth! thou hast seen me all sorrowful steal  
To the hillock beside our low cot;  
My days are departing too truly I feel!  
Thy kindness avails not—thy herbs will not heal,  
O! lay me to rest in that spot.

But remember my counsel when silent and low,  
All remembrance of me may subside:  
O never! no never beyond the woods go,  
And shun as thou shunnest thy bitterest foe,  
The fairies that haunt the wood side!

He died and was buried, the green hillock nigh,  
That rose by the side of the cot;  
Then the youth for some unknown delight heav'd a sigh,  
The Forest's wild beauties no more pleas'd his eye,  
And the counsel of age was forgot.

This said, the next morn he arose with the day,  
To seek where the vision he spi'd:  
No more in these deserts, he cried, will I stay,  
But will seek at all risk though my father said nay,  
The fairies that haunt the wood side.

*The Rose Bud and Tulips.*

A FABLE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

**S**WEET was the rising morn, and sweet  
 The soft'ning gales, while Summer's heat  
 Delay'd to quench the dewy tear  
 Of op'ning Spring, to flowerist's dear,  
 Who then with anxious joy behold  
 Each child of *art* its bloom unfold:  
 For much to *art* they doubtless owe  
 Those tints that prematurely blow.

That morn (beneath a matted shade  
 By their proud owners care convey'd,  
 To guard them from or sun or blight)  
 A race of dazzling tulips bright,  
 With various hues of richest dye,  
 Display'd their beauties to the eye,  
 From Holland's choicest stores they came,  
 Each known by some distinguish'd name.  
 Close to these fav'rite's shelter'd bed  
 An humble rose bush rear'd its head,  
 Whose hardy buds already swell'd  
 While one supreme the rest excell'd;  
 Her flaunting leaves a genial ray  
 Had spread to the preceding day;  
 She bending towards the gaudy tribe,  
 Provok'd from each some paltry gibe:  
 This shrunk disgusted from its thorns,  
 And that its simple station scorns;  
 Some mock'd her form with senseless prate,  
 And some her unregarded state;  
 While scoffing thus, the gay phalanx  
 Survey'd with pride their painted ranks;  
 Nor knew how short, their transient reign,  
 Nor knew the wretched boast how vain!



The weather chang'd—a sudden breeze  
 Bent to the root the pliant trees,  
 While driving hail obliquely show'rs  
 Against the tall dishevell'd flowers.  
 Ah! What avail'd the high-rais'd frames,  
 Their gay attire—their pompous names?  
 Defac'd—torn—scatter'd all around,  
 The mangled tulips spread the ground;  
 Spoil'd by the wind's tempestuous sweep,  
 They lie a littering, useless heap.  
 Not so the rose, whose firmer form  
 Partly defy'd the transient storm;  
 That storm, the fragile race remov'd,  
 Call'd forth *her* sweet *her* blush improv'd;  
 And though some drooping leaves had felt  
 The tempest's force, yet in them dwelt  
 Such balmy scent, such rich perfume,  
 As well supply'd the fading bloom.

## MORAL.

Gay flaunting fav'rites of an hour,  
 Whose pride usurps ill-founded pow'r  
 Soon, like our tulips lose their charms,  
 When sickness beauty's claim disarms:  
 Unlike the fair whose virtuous mind,  
 Leaves, e'en in death, its sweets behind.

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 THE WISH.
 

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I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,  
 With whom my choicest hours to spend,  
 To whom I safely might impart  
 Each wish and weakness of my heart;  
 Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,  
 And mingle with my griefs a tear;  
 For whom alone I wish to be,  
 And who would only live for me:  
 And, to secure my bliss for life,  
 I'd wish that friend to be—a wife!

## Foreign News.

*Bologna, Nov. 1.*—The French advance towards Peronne.---The King of Naples is arming his frontiers.---Tuscany, since the entrance of the French, has enjoyed the utmost tranquility.

*Extract of a letter from London, dated Nov. 9.*---“The plague continues at Cadiz, Seville, St. Lucar, and Malaga, and is getting fast into the interior of Spain.”

*Frankfort, Nov. 10.*---While we were flattering ourselves with hopes of peace, appearances here have suddenly become very warlike.

Yesterday General Angereau received a courier from Paris, with orders to give notice immediately of the termination of the Armistice; which he accordingly did on the same day; Adjutant General Richer, was yesterday afternoon sent with the following note to the Commander of the Austrian troops, and to Baron Albion, commander of the Mentz troops at Aschaffenburg:

GENERAL,

According to the orders I have received from my Government, I hereby notify to you the termination of the Armistice.---Hostilities will therefore commence in fourteen days from this day, that is, on the 22d day of November.

*London, Nov. 18.*---The Imperial army of Italy is stated to comprize 115,000 men, and that of Germany 86,000 exclusive of Tyroleans, Militia, and Auxiliaries. Both these immense armies to be at the disposal of the Arch-Duke Charles.

*Hamburgh, Nov. 18.*---An express has this instant arrived here with the disagreeable intelligence, that an embargo has been laid on all the English ships (70 in number) in the port of Riga.

It has been long predicted, that the Emperor of Russia would extend his views to Turkey. At this moment he is demanding an indemnity from the Porte for the expences of his fleet in the maritime campaign;---a prelude no doubt to a rupture with that feeble cabinet. Preparations for the war continue with increased exertions.

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## American Intelligence.

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By an account of the expenditures of the United States, from the 1st of October 1799, to the 30th of September, 1800, it appears that the whole expenditure of the American government during that period, amounts to *eight million three hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and sixty-six dollars*—4,549,248, of which for the Military and 1,240,479, for the Naval Department.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst. the valuable Grist Mill, belonging to Mr. Foster Horton, Tunkhannock, Penn. was discovered to be on fire; and in two hours was burnt to the ground, together with the valuable effects it contained. He had expended about 1000*l*. on this mill.

A few days since, says the Worcester Gazette, passed through Holden to a new settlement, from Portland, a gentleman and his wife, with TWENTY SONS, born at eight births, fifteen at the five first, four at the two next, and one at the last.

All the papers in one of the rooms of the Accountant's office, it is said, were entirely destroyed by the late fire in the Treasury Department. The damage done to the building is estimated at from 1500 to 2000 dollars.

*Extract of a letter from Providence, to a gentleman in this city, dated 22d inst.*—"I cannot describe to you the situation of Providence at this moment—thirty houses and stores have been burnt since 9 o'clock this morning. Among the unfortunate sufferers, are John Corlis, whose store, &c. were consumed, where it first commenced; Saml. Arnold, store; Thos. L. Halsey, do; John T. Clark, do; Green & Barker, do; J. Olney, do; Jas. Peck, do and house---and a large number of others in that neighbourhood, with all the goods. The streets are filled with furniture and damaged goods, and numbers of families turned out of doors. The fire is still ravaging, and the damage already sustained is computed at 500,000 dollars."

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## Domestic Occurrences.

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*Jan. 2d.*---About 7 o'clock in the evening a two story wooden building in Dey-street, occupied by Mr. Marshall, was discovered to be on fire. The flames had made such progress before the alarm was given as apparently to render every attempt to save the building, futile; but fortunately a supply of water being near at hand, the flames were happily got under without doing any material damage.

*Jan. 3d.*---About 3 o'clock in the morning the city was again alarmed by the cry of fire, which was discovered to originate in a house at the corner of Crane-wharf and Water street, occupied by Mr. Post, upholsterer. The flames communicated to the adjoining building, and did considerable damage to the insides of both houses before its progress was arrested.

X On Saturday afternoon, the 10th inst. a black man carried a bundle of oakum into the store of Mr. John P. Schermerhorn, at Beekman-slip, and offered it for sale. The man who attended the store, imagining the bundle to be heavier than a similiar bulk of that article generally is, insisted upon cutting it open to examine it. The black man objected, which occasioned suspicion; and on opening it, it was found filled with combustible matter which burst immediately into a flame. In the alarm which this circumstance occasioned in the store, the incendiary effected his escape.

*Jan. 16th.*---This morning between 3 and 4 o'clock, a fire broke out in a bake-house belonging to William Ramage, in Nassau-street. The fire originated in a back shed from a defect in the oven, and communicated to the adjacent buildings which were principally wood, so as to threaten destruction to the whole block; but by the active exertions of the firemen, aided by the citizens, the flame was happily got under, without extending its ravages beyond the destruction of the building in which it originated.

X On Friday night the 16th inst. the ship (late the Admiral Duncan) dragged her anchors, and went on the rocks near Corlaer's Hook, where she bilged.---She was on the eve of



sailing for Ireland, and had on board a valuable cargo of flour, flax-seed and pot-ash; the greatest part of which will be lost. The fate of this ship is singular---Just a year previous to the above accident, she was burnt to the water's edge in this port---The bottom was bought by Mr. Jenkins of Hudson, there rebuilt and partly loaded with seed---she stopt here for additional freight---having no sooner received it than it was mostly lost.

The 15,000 dollar prize in the Lansingburgh and Waterford Lottery, was drawn by two persons by the names of James Allen and Jonathan Dunham---We are informed that their circumstances were very indigent; and they worked a farm on shares in East-town, Washington county, in this state.

*Jan. 22d.*—Our city was alarmed three times last evening by the cry of Fire---the third alarm proved to be a house in Robinson, near Greenwich-street, belonging to Mr. Mode, a Cartman; who, by this accident, is deprived of the small acquirements he had made by industry.

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## Marriages.

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*January 1st.*—Capt. Howard to Miss Maria Moffat.

Mr. Thomas Fenton, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Dalley, of this city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Weyman, of this city, to Miss Eleanor Cox, of that place.

At Suffield, Conn. Mr. Thaddeus Leavit, jun. to Miss Jemima Lomis.

*3d.*—At Fishkill Landing, Mr. Wm. Bogardus to Miss Maria Burrowes, both of that place.

Mr. Robert Dodge to Miss Eliza Fowler.

*5th.*—Mr. John Chapman to Miss Mary Cocks.

*10th.*—Mr. P. L. Vandervoort to Miss Mary A. Bruce.

*12th.*—Mr. L. B. Rugner to Miss Aletta Sergeant.

*13th.*—At Newark, Mr. Amos Dodd to Miss P. Canfield.

*15th.*—Geo. Clinton, jun, Esq. to Miss Han. Franklin.

*17th.*—Mr. John J. Moore to Miss Harriet Underhill.

- 19th.—Mr. John A. Schuyler, of N. Jersey, to Miss Eliza Kip, of this city.
- 21st.—Ezekiel Robins, Esq. to Miss Clara Jaggar.  
Mr. Jehial Jaggar to Miss Polly Post.
- 26th.—Mr. John Baptiste Reboul, of Martinico, to Mrs. Elizabeth Peas, widow of Mr. John Peas, deceased.

## Deaths.

4th January, at East Windsor Township, Middlesex county, N. Jersey, Ann Hutchinson, widow of Wm. Hutchinson, Esq. late of said county, aged *one hundred and one years, nine months and seven days*!—She was mother of 13 children, and grand-mother and great grand-mother and great great grandmother to the amount of, as is known, of 375 persons, and a number of them of the fifth generation.

5th.—Mr. James Griffiths, merchant.

At Newark; Miss Maria Burnet, aged 16 years, daughter of Capt. John Burnet.

9th.—At York Town, Virginia, Gen. Wm. Nelson.

Same day, in this city, in her 29th year, Mrs. Margaretta V. Faugeres; and on Saturday her remains were interred in the burying ground of the Bowery Methodist Church, beside the grave of her father, the late John Bleecker.—Nurtured beneath the smiles of fortune, and possessed of every accomplishment necessary to add lustre to the station allotted to human beings, Mrs. Faugeres furnishes a striking example of the vicissitudes of life. With a mind embellished by nature with superior endowments, and an understanding enriched with the refinements of literature, she exhibited a genius equal in fertility, correctness and energy, to the most distinguished literary characters in modern times.—The effusions of her pen have often been the theme of admiration, and from persons capable of discriminating, have attracted well-merited applause. Yet notwithstanding the splendor of her talents shone forth with such refulgent lustre; notwithstanding she was born to the inheritance of a decent competency, sufficient to elevate her above mediocrity, she was doomed the daughter of mis-

fortune, and consigned to a long acquaintance with distress. She early placed her affections, and (her only fault) yielded her hand to the beloved author of her woes—conscious of having offended, by this rash procedure, she became a willing exile from her father's house. Although removed from the guardian eye of paternal tenderness, the arm of affectionate solicitude was extended to shield her from calamity, and avert the piercing blast of adversity.—Disappointment thenceforward imbibited the portion of her existence; yet under every trial she preserved a demeanor marked with composed serenity.—The rancorous breath of envy, at times, strove to depreciate her worth, and blast her unspotted reputation; but innocence and native dignity supported her from sinking under such unmerited aspersions. From participating largely in the felicities of life, she was, by the partial hand of fate, compelled to struggle along with accumulated sorrows.—In her last illness she manifested an entire resignation to the Divine will, and supported herself with becoming calmness and fortitude. With serenity she hailed the closing scene; and animated by the consoling truths of religion, composedly yielded her spirit into the arms of its Omnipotent Author.

*January 10th*, at Stamford, (Connecticut) Mrs. Maria Smith, consort of the Rev. Daniel Smith, of that place, in the 31st year of her age.—The dead can receive nothing from the praises of the living; neither do the eulogies which are bestowed by the affection of surviving friends, greatly interest the generality of mankind. To an afflicted husband, an aged and venerable father, to her two young children, and many relatives and friends, nothing remains of her that was once so excellent, but the remembrance of her virtues, and the example of her life and of her death—yet those friends and all who knew her, will be consoled by the assured belief, that though her body reposes in the grave from the sorrows of life, she will receive the reward of faith, and virtue, in the approbation and presence of her God.

*January 12th*.—In the city of Washington, in the his 32d year, James Jones of Georgia, a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States. His loss is great to his family and friends, but greater to his country. Few men possessed such great influence and respect in the State where he lived, and he was among the most respectable in the house of representatives.—His uniform

and steady devotion to the principles of our republican constitutions was recommended by such an affability of manners, and disposition to friendship, that he seemed almost to escape the asperity of political party. When the melancholy tidings of his death were announced in Congress, the tear of grief on all sides of the house shewed that political animosity was overcome by feelings more honorable to humanity; each one seemed to be sensible that the house had lost an ornament and a friend. They immediately resolved by unanimous vote, that each member should wear, for one month, a crape round his left arm.

On Tuesday morning his funeral was attended by both houses of Congress.

12th.—Mrs. Catharine Lavery, wife of Mr. Henry Lavery.

14th.—At Norfolk, after a lingering illness, John Burnam, of New-York, late Armourer's Mate on board the U. S. ship Portsmouth, Captain M'Neil

17th.—Mr. Solomon Simpson aged 61.

Same day, Mrs. Catherine Le Roy, widow of Jacob Le Roy. Esq. aged 62 years.—Her death excites the keenest regret of her friends, and society mourns the loss of a pious and charitable member.

23d.—Mr. William Bowne.



JANUARY 31.

Died, at Philadelphia, on Sunday last, in the 44th year of his age, Dr. John Hall, a man deservedly esteemed for his ardour and sincerity of friendship, and for his universal benevolence.

Capt. Everet, of the ship Warren, arrived here yesterday from Amsterdam, touched at Orfordness, at the mouth of the Thames, on the 11th ult. but could get no papers, nor did he hear any news. It was the opinion at Amsterdam, that there would be a general peace in the spring.—This was also the opinion of several commanders of English ships, whom Capt. E spoke in the channel.